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Toil Rewarded.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

I WALK in silence through the ripening field,
Where brawny reapers gather golden wheat;
I gaze upon the homely scene replete
With Nature's blessings in a bounteous yield;
Upon each brow true joy sits unconcealed,
Though all are toiling in the burning heat.
I envy them; my tasks which should be sweet
As theirs, have ne'er to me such joys revealed.

So, when the seed-time of our lives is spent,
And days of mellow fruitage quickly turn
To autumn, our rich harvest will constrain
Another race of toilers, all intent
On what the future years will bring, to yearn
For our successes, jealous of our gain.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

H. A. LEDWIDGE, '09.



WE know the Rubaiyat or quatrains of Omar Khayyam chiefly through the paraphrase of Fitzgerald. As is the case with other notable works, there exist several translations. Mr. Richard Le Galliene has issued a translation of these little gems, but he confessedly embroiders his own ideas upon Omar's to such an extent that we are safe in dismissing his production, meritorious though it is, and returning to Fitzgerald's which is acknowledged by all critics as adhering strictly to the sense of the original. Moreover, the majesty of the thought is suitably translated by the melodious ringing diction of Fitz-

gerald in which the sonorous rimes and the overflow of the unrimed third line into the last, somewhat after the manner of the Greek alcaic stanza, produce on the mind and ear of the reader an effect that will never be forgotten; an effect of finality like that of a tolling bell, as if everything had been said on that particular subject, all else being mere verbiage, a useless repetition. These characteristics combined with his serene outlook on life have given him an unparalleled vogue. It is, indeed, an astonishing thing that a poet, who sang eight hundred years ago and more, should again come to life after centuries of silence and neglect to delight the inhabitants of countries of whose very existence he had not even the faintest knowledge, to be rescued from the oblivion into which he had fallen even among his own people, and to become a friend and consoler of many in the dark ways of life.

It is true his consolation is of a rather hopeless nature and appeals naturally to men who are, as he was, disciples of Epicurus, and believe, as he did, that this life ends all; who, carrying this doctrine to its legitimate conclusion, put in practice the ancient maxim, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." But, while we deny the tenets of his philosophy, let us give him credit for his brave stand in the face of what he believed was a grim necessity, and for the cheerfulness with which he expressed his views for the benefit of those who, sharing his convictions, had not the loftiness of soul that enabled him to support what would otherwise have been an intolerable burden.

In all ages the basic likes and dislikes of

men have been the same. We find in the clay records of Babylon and Nineveh, on the imperishable monuments of massive stone and in the fragile papyri of the Pharaohs the same human feelings that to-day we experience ourselves. So Omar, confining himself to this existence and its joys and sorrows as the only things of which he was certain, appeals to us now, and in this sense he may be called modern.

When he speaks of love, he does not do so with an Oriental sensuousness; but with a sentiment truly modern he says:

A book of verses underneath a bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow.

Even our modern singers, who spend most of their time chanting the praises of love, in ode, elegy and sonnet, not to mention ballade, rondeau and triolet, could scarcely express their passion with more dainty exactness.

The tiny scene is sketched with firm, sure strokes. The poet and his sweetheart recline in the shade of a tree, not with bread and wine alone, the food of the body, but with a book of verses, the food of the soul. She is singing. What the song may be we do not know, but it requires little effort surely to rejuvenate those long-silenced strains that were certainly the inspiration of this bird-like, little verse.

Although Omar was a philosopher himself—indeed one of the learned men of his time—he confesses that he did not gain much wisdom or comprehend the doctrines then in vogue, as a quatrain declares:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint, and heard great argument.
About it, and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Evidently youth in his day cared as little for philosophy as they do now. None the less he was influenced more than he admits by the Sufi pantheism, which he studied in his younger days. His own creed amounts to little more than theirs when separated from the mysticism and formal avowal of Islam under which Omar refused to take shelter. In fact he merely carried their doctrines to a logical conclusion and practised what he preached, ridiculing the Sufis, by whom he was greatly hated, for the

cowardice which prevented them from doing the same, and the hypocrisy of their public profession of belief in what they at heart despised. On this account he was regarded with suspicion by the devotees of Suf, the prevailing form of Islam practised in Persia, who make strong efforts to read a mystical meaning into his references to wine and wine-bearer, so as to make him a Sufi poet like Hafiz, Attar and the rest, thus vindicating his reputation as a Mohammedan and placing him in the sect which includes nearly all the chief poets of Persia. His own work, however, contains internal evidence that he was not a Sufi but a Freethinker, because while assenting to a great deal of their doctrine he did not profess their pharisaical code of morals.

In the fifty-fifth quatrain of Fitzgerald's first edition Omar speaks as if the opinion of a Sufi was of no moment to him:

The vine had struck a fibre; which about
If clings my being—let the Sufi flout;
Of my base metal may be filed a key,
That shall unlock the door he howls without.

He would never have expressed such contempt as he does in this stanza, if he really professed to be a Sufi, whether believing or not, since to do so he would only condemn himself. All the accounts that have come down to us agree that he was an outspoken man with the courage of his convictions. Besides, it does not appear that he was in any danger, as he stood high in the favor of Sultan Malik Shah who heaped many benefits upon him.

It is well known that many Persians drink wine, although its use was forbidden by Mohammed. Omar, if one were to judge by some quatrains, seems to have fallen foul of some mediæval total abstinence man, so true it is "there is nothing new under the sun." In one quatrain he states the opposite side more conclusively than I have ever seen it stated. But, probably men who are bibulously inclined nowadays would consider it foolish to appeal to God. However, the quatrain is respectfully called to the attention of the Liquor-Dealers' Association.

Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse—why, then, who set it there?

For the benefit of those who are shocked it may be remarked that it is the opinion of

at least one of Omar's commentators that "while the wine Omar celebrates is simply the juice of the grape, he bragged more than he drank of it."

It might easily be supposed that Omar's quatrains are familiar only to those who take a special interest in literature. This is not the case. Col. John Hay, our late Secretary of State, in his speech entitled "In Praise of Omar," remarks that when he was camping in the Rockies he heard with astonishment a guide, who had been standing motionless at his side contemplating the magnificent panorama to be viewed from the summit of a peak, repeat this stanza:

'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A sultan to the realm of death addrest;
The sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

Nor could the splendor of that scene find a more fitting expression. League after league of snow-capped peaks arose in all their majestic beauty, but Omar, who had often viewed a similar landscape in his own country, although penetrated by a realization of all that is beautiful in the world, was unable to pierce through the scene with which as a garment the Creator has hidden His divinity to discover Him behind it, so falling back hopelessly on an unswerving necessity, he bore what he believed was his fate with a mirthful resignation. Who will blame him for making the most of life, however swiftly slipping through his fingers, since in spite of his honest efforts to the contrary he found no faith to which he could subscribe, no God in whom to believe.

A Mystic Picture.

THESE autumn days, when nature seems to die,
Remind me of those souls who plead in vain
To God that He may purge away the stain
And let them praise Him with the saints on high.
Intent upon these thoughts, I soon descry
A mystic picture wrought of bitter pain,
A multitude of souls whose every chain
Of bondage I with alms must straight untie.

O man! if you would add to heaven's bliss,
If you your future suffering would abate,
If you would do your duty toward the dead,
Pray now with zeal that God may soon dismiss
Those chastened souls from their unhappy state,
And round about them all His glory shed.

ALFRED A. HEBERT, '11.

The Tell-Tale Ring.

R. A. McNALLY, '10.

One beautiful day in June, the luxurious Western Limited was speeding westward upon its iron course, which lay through hill and dale, through green meadows and luxuriant valleys. Within the observation car sat Robert Creighton, homeward bound to his father's ranch in Arizona. Wearily laying aside the novel which he had been reading, he drew forth his amber-stemmed "French Briar," the inseparable companion of his college life, and soon the air was filled with the fragrant aroma of his favorite tobacco. Contentedly he lay back in his chair musing upon a thousand and one different things. Two days before he had been graduated from Harvard, and was now on his way home to assist his father. His college life was a thing of the past—to him a joyous past, pregnant with pleasant memories; but now that was all over and he must look to the future. In all probability he would settle down at home and assist his father in the management of his rapidly growing business. But he rejoiced most at the thought that he was returning, in his opinion, to the dearest, sweetest woman in the world, Marion Sinclair, the only daughter of James Sinclair who, in the language of the plains, was a neighbor of the Creightons, though their ranches were several miles apart. She was a charming young girl who, educated in a fashionable eastern boarding school, had until the past summer lived in the East with some of her father's relatives. Young Creighton had first met her the summer before, and immediately had fallen a victim to her charms. The first meeting was not to be the last; acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into companionship. They rode and hunted together, and spent the greater part of the time in each other's company. Thus the summer wore along, young Creighton becoming more and more enamored of her. But with the coming of September, they were forced to part, he returning to resume his studies in the eastern school. The parting was hard for both of them; for her life at the ranch had been a lonely one, and he

had brought sunshine into her heart. For him it was harder still, for during those blissful summer months he had learned to love, and it was with aching heart that he tore himself away. He took back to school with him many fond recollections of the past summer and—her photograph. This he placed above his study desk, where her gentle eyes and smiling face might beam down upon him at his work. How often, day and night, had he gazed enraptured upon her noble countenance; how often had he poured forth his soul in sentiments of love and hope! He had written to her weekly, and she had faithfully answered his letters. How impatiently, how eagerly, had he awaited the coming of June when he could return and see her once again. And now that time had come; a few hours more and he would be with her. Thus he pondered, conjuring up in his imagination many beautiful pictures of what would be.

Two days later, tired and wearied with his long ride, he arrived at Paso, whence he was to travel by stage to a small settlement some fifteen miles distant where one of his father's ranchers would meet him and drive him over to the ranch. Having looked after his baggage, he sauntered across the street to the only hotel the town boasted of. On the veranda was the usual crowd of loiterers; passing these with a slight salutation, he entered the bar and ordered some refreshments to quench his thirst. As he was about to depart a large white placard, nailed to the wall, caught his eye, and he paused to read it.

"NOTICE."

"One thousand dollars (\$1000) reward will be paid to the man giving information that will lead to the capture of the bandit known as "Black Jack." The same will be paid for the receipt of his person, dead or alive.

"(Signed) JACK CHARDON,
"Sheriff of Rio County."

Having read the notice he turned to the bar-keeper with the question, "Who is this 'Black Jack?'"

"Well, young feller," replied that individual, looking at him with unconcealed surprise, "you must sartainly be a strange 'un in this yaar part of the country not to know

about "Black Jack's" doin's. He's been a-playin' the very devil with the railroads down yaar; he and his gang's a-been a-holdin' up trains right along, and gittin' away with a pile of coin. Only last week he and his pals held up the express, about twenty miles down the line yaar and cleared out with twelve thousand in cold cash. He's a slick 'un, all right; he's yaar one day, and the Lord knows whar the next."

"So that's his game, is it?" interrogated Creighton, by way of answer, not a little surprised by the other's story. "Well, I don't think he'll bother me."

"Don't know about that young feller," vouchsafed the attendant. "He's just as apt to hold up that 'ere stage as not. Can't never tell what he is a-goin' to do."

"Well," replied Bob, "I hardly think he will take the trouble to stop the stage, but I'll look out for him."

As the stage was already drawn up in front of the hotel, he passed out from the bar, and took a seat in the coach. Three other passengers were already seated; an old gentleman evidently a minister, an elderly matron, and a handsome young girl, who, as he afterward learned, were Mrs. Hopkins and her daughter of Boston.

A few minutes later the stage started, and soon they were bowling along at a lively pace. Soon they reached the broad, rolling expanse of prairie land, practically devoid of vegetation. It was still early in the afternoon and the rays of the summer sun beat down upon them with suffocating intensity. Creighton, having made himself as comfortable as the jolting of the stage would permit, gave himself up to the contemplation of his home-coming, and later to a modest scrutiny of his fellow-travellers. Miss Hopkins was a handsome person of perhaps some nineteen years of age. With her silken brown tresses, her radiant brown eyes and ruddy features, she presented a charming picture, as she sat rapt in meditation. Her small, well-shaped hands lay folded in her lap. On her engagement finger she wore a ring, peculiarly fashioned and unique in setting. The band itself was molded to represent the body of a serpent, coiled and twisted, its head and mouth forming the mounting. A large diamond, surrounded by a circle of iridescent stones

which sparkled and glittered in the sunlight, completed the setting. Its uniqueness attracted him, so he gazed at it for a long time. Never before had he seen its like. Evidently it was of Oriental make. As he continued to gaze upon it, some subtle influence began to work upon him, the magic of which he was unable to resist.

The abrupt stopping of the coach aroused him from his lethargy, and he lurched heavily forward.

"Hands up!" commanded a voice, and as he raised himself, he gazed into the barrel of a gleaming six shooter in the hands of a masked individual. "Hands up, and step out here lively," was the command. "Don't try any tricks or I'll put a bullet through you," the desperado added viciously, at the same time flourishing his revolver in their faces.

Creighton was so startled by the sudden apparition that for the nonce he lost his head. Soon, however, he recovered his self-possession, and knew, that in the face of such odds, resistance was useless. There was only one thing to do and that was to submit. One by one, with hands held high above their heads, the highwayman all the while covering them with his gun, they stepped out of the coach, and were ranged side by side along the road. Now, for the first time, Creighton became aware of the presence of a second desperado, who was holding the horses' heads and covering the driver, who also was powerless to offer any resistance. At his command the driver too joined the passengers in line. This second individual now advanced toward them, gun in hand. He was clothed in black from head to foot; sombrero, shirt, breeches and even his spurs were of a sombre hue. Though of powerful build, he moved about with the ease and grace of an athlete, and his manner bespoke a polish strangely out of harmony with the man himself. Contrary to what was expected, his voice was neither coarse nor uncouth, but when he spoke it was with a mild accent, that showed culture and refinement, while his actions were far from being those of a man of the plains. Truly, he was a strange, but yet a striking individual, one who would command attention no matter what might be his surroundings. With his stal-

wart frame, his sombre, almost weird dress, and his imperturbable air, he was one whom a timid person might well fear. Creighton could not see his features, hidden as they were beneath his mask, but a scar, however, was visible on his forehead. He did not have to be told who this robber was, for already he knew him to be none other than the redoubtable "Black Jack" himself.

"Black Jack" now drew near and, while his pal covered them with his revolver, he began his task. One by one they were forced to hand over their money and jewels. When it came to parting with her engagement ring, Miss Hopkins poured forth piteous lamentations, begging him not to take it from her. It was her engagement ring, she told him, and on that account she treasured it highly and could not bear to part with it. But the chief, obdurate, and seemingly devoid of human sympathy, harshly bade her hand it over and be silent. "I have taken a fancy to that ring and I must have it. As for you, well, your lover will willingly procure you another." And with tears in her eyes, she ruefully parted with her treasure. It was a sad spectacle and touched Creighton to the heart. He swore that if fate ever put the black-hearted villain in his power, he would be revenged upon him.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," spoke "Black Jack," as he finished his thieving task, accompanying his words with an arrogant flourish of his sombrero, "I will bid you adieu. I trust you will entertain no hard feeling against me for detaining you, and as for these kind remembrances which you have showered upon me especially this—holding up Miss Hopkins' ring—I am deeply grateful and will never forget your kindness. And now I will leave you to continue your journey." So saying, with the most insolent effrontery, he vaulted into his saddle, and still covering them with their revolvers he and his companion cantered off into the brushwood.

Some days later Creighton and Marion Sinclair were riding together over the prairie, bent on a pleasure trip. Their first meeting had been a joyous one, after so many months of separation. Lovelorn he had lingered by her side, enchanted by her beauty and basking in the radiance of her

smiles. As yet nothing had been heard of "Black Jack." When the news of the hold-up had reached the county seat, a posse had been formed and started in pursuit, but so far the wily villain had eluded their vigilance, and now evidently was safe in hiding. As they cantered over the sandy plain, they chatted merrily upon one topic after another. Suddenly Marion's horse stumbled into a prairie dog's burrow, and she was thrown violently to the ground. Creighton, checking his horse, alighted and rushed to her assistance. She was badly stunned, but still conscious; her left wrist had been broken by the force of the fall. Tenderly he raised the injured wrist in his hands and gently drew off her buckskin gauntlet. As he did so he started violently and drew back as if he had been shot, for there upon the third finger of her hand nestled the self-same ring that but a few days before he had seen taken from Miss Hopkins by "Black Jack." Surely there must be some mistake, thought he. But no! he could not be mistaken, for the ring was identical in every particular with the one Miss Hopkins had worn. And yet he could scarcely believe his eyes. How could Marion have come by it? he asked himself. Surely there must be some mistake; he must be dreaming. But no! he was wide awake, for he was only too painfully conscious of the ring, sparkling and glittering in the sunlight. These and like thoughts passed through his mind with the rapidity of lightning.

"Bob, Bob," broke in Marion, "what is the matter?"

With a great effort he recovered his self-possession and answered:

"Nothing, Marion; only I am not accustomed to such things, and the sight of your limp wrist overcame me. I am all right now."

Tearing his handkerchief into strips, and securing some linen from his saddle bag, he bound the broken wrist as well as he could—very well, in view of the fact that he was inexperienced in matters of surgery. With much difficulty, he assisted her upon her horse. All during the homeward ride he kept thinking upon the discovery he had made. How she could have come by the ring was the question uppermost in his mind. Was there any connection between

her and "Black Jack?" he asked himself time and time again. He thought and pondered, but the more he sought the solution of the affair, the more mysterious and puzzling it became. At last he resolved to ask Marion herself for the explanation. Not now, but at some more convenient time, and he felt sure that she could unravel the mystery.

But little conversation was indulged in on the way, for Marion's wrist had begun to pain her exceedingly and she cared little to talk. She bore herself bravely, however, and suffered in silence. In due time the ranch was reached. A messenger was immediately sent off to the nearest settlement for the doctor, while Creighton, having remained at the ranch for some time, solicitous for the welfare of Marion, departed for home, having promised to call again on the morrow. The morrow dawned bright and warm, and the afternoon saw Creighton at the Sinclair ranch in fulfilment of his promise. Marion was up and around, with her arm in a sling. She greeted him warmly, and acquiesced in his proposal for a stroll; they sauntered off toward the creek.

"Marion," said Bob, "I want to ask you a question, and I hope you won't take offense at it, will you?"

"Go ahead, Bob," said Marion in reply. "What is it?"

"It's about that ring you were wearing yesterday. There is something very peculiar about it, and I am anxious to know where you got it."

"Oh, is that all?" she asked, and naively added, "I've been waiting for you to say something about it, ever since you saw the ring. I knew your curiosity would be aroused, and I wanted to have some fun with you. A certain gentleman from Roanoke gave it to me and asked me to keep it for him. Wasn't it a peculiar ring, though?"

As she spoke, all thoughts of the ring vanished from Bob's head.

"Then you are not engaged?" he queried eagerly. "Thank goodness," he added, as she shyly lowered her eyes and shook her head in the negative, blushing intensely all the while. "Are you willing to be, Marion?" diplomatically resumed Bob, when he saw the turn things had taken.

They had now reached the banks of the

rivulet. The tinkling waters of the creek, sighing musically as they swept upon their course, shone and glistened in the radiant sunlight; far away on each side of them lay acres and acres of rich, green meadow grass gently swaying and bowing before the soft summer zephyrs, while from woodland bushes that lined the banks of the creek came forth the melodious songs of the feathered tribe blending in a harmonious symphony that charmed the ear. Inspired by what he saw and heard Creighton drew near to the creature of his dreams, and poured forth the story of his heart.

And his story found a responsive echo.

"And now, Marion, there is one thing I do not understand. That ring—tell me, how did you get it?"

The story was simply told. Some months before she had met a Mr. Clifton at a dance at one of the neighboring ranches. He was a handsome man, fascinating in appearance, and, in striking contrast to the other men of the plains, appeared to be well-bred, while his manner showed an air of refinement. He had pressed her to allow him to call upon her, and she had consented. He had informed her that he was in the employ of the secret service department of the government, charged with matters of importance. His headquarters were at Roanoke, a thriving town some miles distant. He had called at the ranch several times and seemed to be a model young man, a gentleman in every respect, and a man of polish and culture. His last visit had occurred three days before, when in confidence he had told her that within the next few days he would be called away upon a very dangerous mission, and that his life might be forfeited. In view of this he had asked her to accept that ring. It was an heirloom given him by his mother, and he valued it highly because of the loving memories attached to it, and should he be killed in the discharge of his duty, he considered her the most worthy guardian of it, and desired that she should keep the ring in memory of him. At first she had demurred; but, seeing that he was insistent, she yielded to his request.

That was, in substance, the story Marion told Bob. Reasoning logically from the tale Marion had told him and from the circumstances of the hold-up, he felt sure that

Clifton was none other than the redoubtable "Black Jack" himself. Evidently he was as cunning as he was bold and one who would be hard to entrap. He had noted him well at the time of the hold-up, and he felt sure that he could recognize him should they meet again.

"Did he have a scar over his left temple?" asked Bob.

"Well, now that you speak of it, I believe he did have such a scar," answered Marion.

"Marion, I feel sure that this Clifton and "Black Jack" are one and the same, and with your assistance I am going to capture him. He is an unscrupulous law-breaker; he has betrayed your confidence and hospitality; he is a man without a conscience, and no fate is too evil for him. The way he treated that Miss Hopkins was shameful. Then and there I swore to be revenged upon him, if the opportunity ever presented itself, and that opportunity has now come."

Clifton was to call the following Tuesday. Bob laid his plans accordingly. In the meantime word had reached him that the Western Limited had been held up a couple of days before, and \$25,000 in gold secured from the safe. From the description of the robbers one could judge that they were members of "Black Jack's" gang. As they were attempting to escape, a fusillade of shots had been exchanged between the guards and the desperadoes, one of the latter having been wounded. This, then, was the dangerous mission upon which Clifton, alias "Black Jack," was engaged.

The following Tuesday came. Creighton was at the Sinclair ranch together with his assistants. He had seen Clifton enter the house, his arm resting in a sling, and he had recognized him as the leader of the hold-up men. Their plans for his capture did not miscarry. He had been in the house but a short time when, at a pre-arranged signal, given by Marion, Bob and the sheriff burst into the room and covered Clifton with their revolvers. He was overpowered and his weapons taken from him.

When he had been led away, Bob took Marion in his arms.

"You see, dear, all is well that ends well. If it hadn't been for that tell-tale ring I might never have known that you loved me."

Varsity Verse.

TO THE ROOTER.

WHAT joy resounds in our college grounds
 When breezes tell the victors' story;
 Our football-men are winners when
 The rooters, too, all strive for glory.
 Root, rooter, root, set the wild echoes flying;
 Root, rooter; answer, echoes, never, never dying.

O hark! O hear the rooters cheer
 Since "Indiana" failed to score,—
 The Franklin "clique" went home all sick,
 And Knox,—poor fellows,—awful sore.
 Root, let us hear the "Grandstand's" voice replying;
 Root, rooter; answer, echoes, never, never dying.

O Gold and Blue! we love you true,—
 Here's to the men who'll win renown,
 With voices trim and college vim
 We'll give nine "rahs" for each "touchdown."
 Root, fellows, root, set the wild echoes flying;
 And answer, echoes, answer, never, never dying.

PETER E. HEBERT.

THE REVERSE.

Quite oft from a toper these words did I hear,
 "Come, boys, have some lager on jolly old Wier."
 But long dissipation
 Proved Wier's ruination,
 And now they have jolly old Wier on a bier.

V. A. PARISH.

THE STORY OF A RING.

A maiden whose name was Ontucket
 Got a ring from a young lad named Bucket;
 She missed it one day,
 Which caused her dismay,
 But later she learned that Pawtucket.

W. J. MOORE.

WHAT A PITY.

There was once a foolish young broker
 Who lost his wife's money at poker;
 She cried till quite hoarse,
 Then sued for divorce
 On the charge that her husband had broke her.

W. A. CAREY.

SHAKESPEARIAN CONUNDRUM SOLVED.

To answer your riddle were easy,
 But if you'd avoid any fuss,
 Just spring no more puns quite so cheesy,
 Your jokes would make any man "cuss."

GHOST OF ANDRONICUS.

PRECAUTIONARY EXECUTION.

There was an old lady from Wooster,
 Who owned a bow-legged old rooster;
 She cut off his head
 Before going to bed,
 So he can not crow now like he yooster.

F. D. DOORLEY.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

It is a simple picture,
 And yet it fills my heart
 With grief, as if some loved one
 Was now from me to part.

'Tis strange that just a picture,
 So simple and so plain,
 Should dim my eyes with sorrow
 And fill my heart with pain.

The story of this picture
 Is simple, I declare:
 A father sits at table
 Beside a vacant chair.

Close to his breast he fondles
 A child that seems all glad;
 It hardly knew the mother,
 And so it is not sad.

His eyes look moist with weeping,
 And see not what is near;
 For fancy brings before him
 The one he held so dear.

He knows not what has happened,
 He seems to dream and stare:
 A vision holds him speechless;
 There is no vacant chair.

A. F. GUSHURST.

A FATAL ADORNMENT.

John Tyler took very great pride
 In the long, golden locks of his bride;
 But one day she dyed
 Her locks, and he sighed:
 "Since you dye, dear, I'll die," and he died.

T. A. LAHEY.

SHE DID.

There was an old man in Nantucket
 Who kept all his cash in a bucket,
 But his daughter, named Nan,
 Ran off with a man,
 And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

R. F. OHMER.

BEBLOWDSKI'S TROUBLES.

There came a smart chap from Iknowski
 To take a young lass to the showski;
 But 'tis sad to declare
 That he never got there,
 For I knowski he hadn't the doughski.

F. A. ZINK.

SHOCKING.

An aspiring, bibulous Mr.
 Fell in love with a magnate's sr.
 But lacking the dust,
 He turned in disgust.
 And went off on a terrible twr.

F. X. CULL.

A Winter's Morning.

W. P. LENNARTZ, '08.

All throughout that late November day a haze, like a veil drawn across the sky, had dimmed the light of the sun. This was a sure foreboding of a heavy snowstorm. Dumb nature seemed instinctively to understand that, before another morning broke, all would be hemmed in by a barricade of snow. Sheep and cattle eagerly sought shelter from the impending storm, while the lazy porker made himself snug and safe beneath the remains of the old straw pile. The members of the feathered tribe betook themselves early to their abode and closely tucked their heads beneath their wings. The sparrows in the old cedars near the barn soon ceased their chattering, and a death-like stillness settled over all.

As night came on the stars could be seen only dimly, if at all, and the moon when it arose, cast only a faint shadow. Denser and denser grew the veil, and ere long the earth was enveloped in darkness so intense that the nearest objects were but indistinctly visible. Scarcely a zephyr moved to break the unwonted stillness. Earth stood quietly awaiting the onslaught of heaven's silent forces.

What a change that old gray world of ours underwent while we slept. The morning sun broke through a bank of fleecy clouds upon a sea of dazzling white.

Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow.

We seemed to have been suddenly transported into a new and unknown world, All nature was transformed. As far as the eye could see there stretched out on every side an endless expanse of snow. Earth and sky seemed to blend so harmoniously that the line of the horizon was entirely effaced. The eye could not look upon this scene without blinking or veiling itself with tears. Almost unconsciously we sought out some dark object, an oasis in this desert of white, whereon we might rest our eyes; at times we were forced to use our hands as a shield to protect

our sight from the intense whiteness.

We appeared to be resting on a perfectly smooth sea whose surface, undisturbed by the slightest breath of air, shimmered in the resplendent light of the ascending sun. The curling smoke rising from the chimney's mouth became lost to sight as it mingled with the blue of the winter sky. The river in the distance looked like a silver thread extending across the snowy plain and finally losing itself in the brilliant maze. Beyond it, a forest of pine and cedar rose from out this spotless waste like an immense rampart. Beneath the snow-laden branches, borne down to the earth by the weight upon them, labyrinths extended in every direction forming a veritable fairyland. Here and there a few scattered pines, majestic sentinels, stood robed in the furry covering of the snow. Wherever a large stone or a pile of brush lay there arose a pure white mound, the fairies' home.

The cornfields took on the appearance of an Indian village with its tepees regularly pitched. The bare limbs of the orchard trees with their covering of snow looked like huge clusters of white antlers. Where before were sharp corners and jagged edges, rounded forms and smooth curves were seen. All the roughness of earth had disappeared. "What a multitude of sins this unstinted charity of the snow covers! How it flatters the ground!" How pure and serene was the morning! Not a breath of air was stirring. All Nature stood in awe admiring, seemingly, the mantle of beauty which wrapped the earth that winter's morning.

November Winds.

The skies are dark, the air is chill,
The winds are softly sighing,
They speak to me as one who kneels
In sorrow near the dying.

They seem to plead in mournful chant
The cause of friends tormented.
They seem to weep o'er present woes
And misdeeds long repented.

They seem to bear for each of us
A warning for the morrow,
That we must not forget to pray
For souls that are in sorrow.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

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—With this week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC the editorial board has increased its membership from eight to fourteen. The test for membership has been not so much the ability to tell a story and to write a poem or an essay as it is to write an editorial and be willing to do careful work. Those who contribute special articles for publication in the literary section receive individual credit, since such contributions are signed. The board of editors is more directly responsible collectively for the contents of the editorial section. It may be remarked that if college magazines favored editorial work more generally, there would be less reason to complain of unsatisfactory results in the teaching of English.

—From the time when our colleges outgrew the proportions of "a teacher on one end of a saw-log and a student on the other" they have been unsuccessfully trying to rid themselves of a serious menace to their progress and their usefulness. Brutal as the practice of hazing has become in its worst developments, the students in the richly endowed universities, where large

attendance and inefficient discipline are features, seem to cling to it most tenaciously. It is "the spirit of the primordial man," as Mr. Jack London would say, the "world old spirit of antagonism." The savage orang-outang crouching upon a fallen tree-trunk in the depths of the jungle, and beating upon his hairy breast the death challenge to all his kind, might be taken as the symbol of "college spirit" as it exists nowadays in some of the larger institutions of learning.

We by no means desire to be quoted as condemning class rivalry, but only the disgraceful manner in which such rivalry finds expression at the present day. The spirit of emulation, if wisely directed, will spur on all classes toward success in every branch of college activity. But let that rivalry be along such lines as inter-class athletic meets and intellectual contests, instead of the disgraceful "cane rush" and "class fight" and such specialized features as might be designated as hazing.

—The picture post-card industry has assumed such vast proportions that it has attracted the attention of the art critics.

We generally find in our stores The Picture cards representing the most Post-Card. elevating kind of art side by side with other cards of the most degrading character. The manufacturers of these cards have splendid opportunities for creating an atmosphere conducive to art; but in the great game for wealth which is being played the world over, these men flood the markets with indecent trash which should never have left the engraver's shop. They determine the moral and artistic tenor of the picture post-card. With the use of a small amount of judgment the men at the head of these concerns might very easily bar from public circulation those post-cards which offend the cultivated eye, and give to the people a beautiful type of card which will be everywhere accepted. A very good idea, and yet one which has received but little attention, has been set forth in *The Academy* (London) urging the manufacturers to the reproduction of the beautiful etchings and drawings of the great masters in those

lines. Let the indecent post-card be a thing of the past, let our desks be lined with reproductions of the masterpieces of art, or photographic scenes of the beautiful things of the world, and we may be assured of an advance in æsthetic as well as moral development.

—Among innovations along the line of class affairs, the Junior Prom. to be held on Thanksgiving Eve is a step in the proper direction. Junior classes of

The Junior Prom. past years have now and again discussed the matter of holding a dance, but until this year the question never passed the stage of debate. From all signs by which we are able to judge, the class of '09 holds in it the right spirit of co-operation, and will carry out as brilliant a social affair as the name of the class and the reputation of the classmen as entertainers demand. Although the noughty-niners are pioneers in the inauguration of this social event, it is to be hoped that subsequent junior classes will follow their lead and make the Thanksgiving prom. an annual affair at Notre Dame.

—Oklahoma, the forty-sixth state of the Union, ceased being a territory on November the sixteenth, when President Roosevelt signed the proclamation bill. "The admission of Oklahoma was not only the birth of a new state but the birth of a new kind of state"—a real democracy in every sense of the word. No other state in the Union ever placed in the hands of voters the power to propose, approve, or reject laws, even the power to amend the constitution absolutely independent of the legislature; and no part of the world, except Switzerland, the little mountain republic, and New Zealand, the land of experiments, can boast of such stupendous powers as the "twentieth-century state constitution" confers upon the newly admitted state. The financial interests have been making strenuous opposition to this section of the constitution, alleging that capital can have no security so long as laws can be made by ballots, but their apprehensions seem groundless. There is no

reason to believe that citizens of Oklahoma will be at all eager to override the legislature or force legislation hurtful to the general welfare of the state. The mere existence of the "referendum and initiative" will go far toward preventing in Oklahoma evils too common in other parts of the country. For years the cry of all political reformers has been against representative government. The people, as a rule, have no power over their representatives who constantly betray their trust for the gold of wealthy corporations. Rather the corporations are represented instead of the people. Under the new regime, such conditions will be impossible. The experiment is well worthy of a trial, and if the results follow, which thinking men predict, representative government in the United States is doomed.

—Since the time of the Civil War every United States coin of value, exceeding ten cents, has been stamped with our American motto: "In God We Trust."

In God We Trust. Some time ago a new design was prepared by Saint-Gaudens, who, acting under the advice of President Roosevelt, omitted our favorite motto. This omission was recommended for the reason that the words of the motto have been made the subject of jest on many occasions. It is true that this has been the case, but has there ever been anything good in religion or in the State that has not been held up to ridicule at some time in its existence? Should this scoffing and ridiculing deprive the United States of the grand expression of dependence on God for the welfare of the land? Can the action of the irreverent in any way lessen this great act of faith which we make as a nation?

One of the most manifest and bold professions of atheism in modern times was the removal of the words "God Protect France" from French coins. Have we so very many public manifestations of Christianity that we can justly throw aside this real, distinguishing proof that we believe even in a God?

Let us hope that before it is too late these words, which every true citizen loves to see and pronounce, will be placed again

on the United States coin, otherwise by the law of 1890, twenty-five years must pass before the design of this coin may be changed again. It is true that the change effects only one denomination, the ten-dollar piece, but the change is one which is not received with popular approval, and we are glad that objection has been so universally raised.

—Once more Thanksgiving is upon us, Thanksgiving with all its hallowed memories and golden thoughts, to urge us lift our hearts above the sordid things of earth. What more fitting time could be selected for this day than when all nature has yielded up its fruits, and the harvests have been gathered? And what is the meaning of this special day? Its true significance seems to have vanished with the advance of financial progress. Too often are our holidays robbed of their holiest and most sacred traditions by the glittering lucre realized from their commercial side; everywhere the spirit of commercialism is predominant. And what a change all this has wrought! The great national game, on the one hand, and the theatre on the other, occupy our attention, and we are no longer prone to linger about the fireside on those days, but must push onward with the crowd.

—The issuance of the President's proclamation, setting aside a day for this people to give praise and thanks to God for all that He has done for them, not only as individuals but also as a nation, brings to our mind the appropriateness of this particular American holiday. How fitting is such a day in a land so remarkably prosperous! To be sure, thanks should be given to God by all peoples, but it is certain that no country has more reason for gratitude than the United States of America. As the President said, we have not been visited by pestilence, famine or war. The past year has been one of bounteous plenty and sublime peace.

Thanksgiving is a good thing not only because we owe thanks to the Giver, but

also because it makes many of us who are prone to overlook the abundance we enjoy stop to consider the numerous things we have to be thankful for. And such consideration causes us to appreciate more fully what we have and makes us better satisfied with life.

—The Chicago Board of Education is confronted with a very puzzling question. How to inculcate principles of morality into the minds of the youth without infringing on religious liberties is the problem at present disturbing the minds of the savants. Many schemes have been suggested, but all have met opposition. All parties are agreed that there is a crying need for some form of moral training in the public schools; but that seems to be the only common ground thus far attained. However much our savants wrangle, they can only come to one conclusion: the principle that the Catholic Church has stood for first, last and always, namely, that religious instruction is indispensable to a successful educational system.

Two Lectures by Professor Banks.

A week ago yesterday the students and Faculty of the University had an opportunity to go with Professor Edgar J. Banks on an archaeological ramble through the Arabian Desert. The professor had his lantern slides with him and used them to advantage in giving his audience the result of his studies and observations in reference to the Arabians and the Arabian Desert. His experience among the people as an antiquarian and in the official position of Consul at Bagdad prepared him to speak with authority on many subjects about which the European or American has but little opportunity to learn much at first hand. The following day he lectured again on a subject akin to the first, shifting the scene from the Arabian Desert to the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and showing the relation existing between the Biblical narratives and the records of those early people whom we ordinarily style the Assyrians and the Babylonians.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY, 0; ALUMNI, 0.

The game between the Varsity and the all-star cast of "has beens" resulted in a tie. The team of used-to-be good men were in poor condition and for that reason were compelled to take out time toward the end of the game after every other down. "Rip Van Winkle" Hanley, who played on the Varsity about ten years ago, was in the line-up, and, while he lasted, showed the youngsters many things about the game that they did not know, but one half was enough for him, and after the first few plays he was kept busy sparring for wind and holding on his suit.

Funk, Varsity tackle in '04 and '05, played a star game for the Alumni, and tore off a couple of runs as he was wont to do in the olden days.

Big Joe Diener and "Bumper" Waldorf put up a good game for the all-star cast, as did Coach Barry and ex-Captain Bracken. The game started with the Varsity kicking off to the Alumni. And Bracken, after returning the ball 20 yards, fumbled. The Varsity tried a forward pass and the Alumni got the ball. They started out to clean up the Varsity, and for a few minutes it looked as though they were going to do it. Barry made 10 yards around right end. Waldorf made 10 more around left. Diener made 5 off tackle, and Bracken made it first down. But the pace was too fast, and while the Varsity were just getting warmed up, the Alumni was nearing the "all-in" point, and lost the ball. The Varsity then took a turn at racing for the goal and carried the ball to the Alumni's 5-yard line, but in three attempts could not carry it over. Captain Callicrate, Ryan and McDonald annexed many yards for the Varsity and put up a star game. Both teams had a chance to score. In the second half the Alumni had the ball on the Varsity's 1-yard line, but could not carry it over.

The game was an interesting affair to witness, and to see the Alumni playing for wind was a sight in itself. Toward the end of the game nearly every man on the team was ready to drop, but at that they gave the Varsity about all they could grace-

fully handle. It was the first game of the kind played here in several years and will hereafter probably be an annual affair. Beacom, Sheehan and Draper were to have been in the game but failed to make their appearance.

Varsity	Line-Up	Alumni
Burdick	R. E.	Hutzell
Lynch	R. T.	Dugan
Paine	R. G.	Hanley
Miller	C.	Ditton
Burke	L. G.	Carville
Donovan	L. T.	Funk
Mertes	L. E.	Murphy
Ryan	Q. B.	Bracken
McDonald	L. H. B.	Barry
Callicrate	R. H. B.	Waldorf
O'Leary	F. B.	Diener
Referee—Dwan. Umpire—Scanlon.		

* *

"Red" Miller, the most valuable man on the Varsity, is laid up with an abscess on his leg and will not be in the Purdue game. Miller's work at backing up the line has been a big factor in this season's team, and he justly deserves to be called the best all-around man on the team. He can play any position in the backfield or any position in the line. His loss has undoubtedly weakened the team, especially on defense, for there is not a man on the squad who can fill Miller's place at backing up a line.

* *

Burdick will play his first championship, football game against Purdue. He and Munson will play ends.

* *

"Woody," right end who suffered an attack of blood-poison after the Indiana game and who has been confined to the Infirmary, was out this week, but his football playing will be postponed for another season.

* *

Manager McGannon has scheduled a game with St. Vincent's College of Chicago to be played on Thanksgiving Day in Chicago. This will be the Varsity's first appearance in the Windy City since the famous game with Northwestern in 1903, which resulted in a tie.

* *

The Varsity meets Purdue to-day. Two weeks ago Notre Dame appeared to have the best of the argument—on paper at least,

but Coach Barry who witnessed the Purdue-Wisconsin game reported Purdue stronger than at any time this year and gave the Varsity less than an even chance to win. Miller's absence from the line-up will cut a big figure with the Varsity, and the chance for victory is by no means bright. Yet the Notre Dame spirit always rises to the occasion, and if Purdue wins it will be after a great battle. While the game is in progress at Lafayette, the returns will be received in Washington Hall. A small delegation of rooters accompanied the team.

* *

The complete entry list for the cross-country run last Thursday was as follows: G. Roach, E. Shea, V. Parish, S. O'Brien, C. Cripe, C. Scholl, A. Fuchs, M. Moriarty, L. Lynch, and J. Roth. Coach Maris was very well pleased with the fact that so large a number of contestants took part in the event. He had not really expected so many.

* *

The cross-country run which was booked for Thanksgiving Day was pulled off Thursday afternoon, owing to the fact that the Varsity plays football in Chicago on Thanksgiving Day. Roach won the event, covering a distance of nearly five miles; and the time of 28 minutes, 40 1-5 seconds, considering the condition of the roads, was little less than wonderful. Coach Maris expressed himself to the effect that Roach's work was away above the average and gave great promise for the future. Shea furnished the surprise of the meet, upsetting the dope, as he displaced Parish for second place with the latter a close third. The finish was exceptionally close for the length of the race, and by all who witnessed it the affair was pronounced a grand success. "Jessie" Roth who had looked good for a place suffered an injury to his ankle and was compelled to drop out. Capt. Moriarty was not in condition, as he has been ill in the Infirmary, and moreover had an extremely sore foot, occasioned by his running shoe rubbing the skin off his toes. The meet was the first of the kind pulled off here in years, and the success with which Coach Maris handled it, proves that the track men have a man with them that will get from them the very best they have.

Personals.

—Frank Dolan, who left school last spring to take charge of a street-car system at Pittsfield, Mass., visited the University during the early part of the week and saw his old friends. Frank is doing well and is becoming a successful business man.

—Ben. Freudenstein, student in Carroll Hall three years ago, has a warm spot in his heart for Notre Dame. He is at present in Parral, Mexico where he is superintendent of the Parral Reduction Co. In a month or so he expects to be in business for himself. He expects to visit the University in the near future.

—Mr. D. P. Murphy, member of the class of '95, and also a member of the Faculty of the University in more recent years, is now practising law in Chicago in partnership with ex-Mayor Dunne and Frank McKeever. Frank is also a Notre Dame man, having been graduated in our law course a little over three years ago. The offices of the firm are located in the Ashland Block.

—"Big" John Eggeman made a hit at the Bryan meeting which was recently held at Lafayette. He was on the program to make one of the preliminary speeches. He realized that the audience was gathered to hear Bryan rather than anyone else, a fact to which he alluded in the single sentence of which his speech consisted; he did the wise thing, as was attested by the cheers of the audience. John is located in Fort Wayne where he has been practising law since the time of his graduation here seven years ago.

—Mr. W. L. Hoblitzell, who was a student in Brownson Hall eighteen years ago, is now representative of the *Washington Post*. Mr. Hoblitzell, accompanied by his wife, visited the University during the week and made arrangements to place his two sons in the institution after Christmas; the younger will be in St. Edward's Hall, the elder in Carroll. Mr. Hoblitzell has the most happy remembrance of the time he spent as a student at Notre Dame, and very honestly stands for the old-time proposition that one's school days are the happiest days and are to be remembered with joy.

Local Items.

—Dr. Monaghan spoke last Thursday evening at Holy Cross Hall on Modernism.

—Dubuc, our Varsity baseball pitcher, has taken to basket-ball. He is now the captain of the Corby team.

—Found.—Three stick pins, a pair of glasses, and a fountain-pen. The owners may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—Parents are requested to send currency by registered letter; checks can not be used to advantage during the present stringency in the money market.

—Considerable progress has been made in changing the wiring system for the arc lamps. The old lines have been torn up and new ones put in their places.

—Last Saturday the Brownson Hall football team went to Valparaiso where they met and defeated the local High School team, the final score being 29 to 0.

—The "Radiator Club" of Brownson Hall is progressing nicely. Under the leadership of Mr. John Coggeshall the club will surely be a success. And as winter approaches, the membership will gradually increase.

—Some of the members of Carroll and Brownson Halls may not be aware that there is in the Main Building a chapel in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept. It is located just above the St. Cecilian room.

—For some years past the senior class has enjoyed the distinction of conducting a special promenade at Easter. This year the junior class is inaugurating a similar event to take place this coming week, as is announced on our editorial page.

—Recent reports indicate that the *lid* is on in Corby Hall. This fact must not be confused with another to the effect that some few have been operating under individual *lids* for several weeks. How extensive the operations have been we are not as yet prepared to say.

—The Latin-American football team and the "Sawed-offs" met on the Carroll campus on the afternoon of the 17th instant and gave an entertaining exhibition of the national game. The former team displayed too much strength for the smaller fellows, and won by a score of 5 to 0.

—We have not heard anything of a glee club at St. Joseph Hall; what's the matter, fellows? It looks as if it is only necessary that some one give the organization a start, and that it will then take care of itself. Glee club work is enjoyable as a rule, and it makes for one's general culture.

—Last Tuesday the Carroll first team played a game of football with the second.

It was, of course, a one-sided affair, but was interesting to an enthusiastic group of spectators that followed every play. Capt. McLain, "Red" Farrell, and "Roundy" Wilson got into the game with the proper kind of spirit.

—Two weeks ago we had a local concerning the gentleman who is now tramping it from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois. It is, on that account, worth remarking that Mr. Weston is due in South Bend to-morrow; he is now about 70 years of age and is ahead of his schedule as established for the same trip 40 years ago.

—The Corby second football team met defeat at the hands of the Brownson seconds Sunday in a fast and exciting game. The Corby aggregation was outplayed, outmaneuvered and lacked the team work which characterized the brilliant playing of their opponents. The halves were of 15 minutes' duration and the final score was 5 to 0.

—The South Bend Council of the Knights of Columbus is preparing to initiate a new class in the near future. It is understood that a large number of candidates is to be found among the students. The K. of C. membership at the University is quite large this year, as one may judge after having watched for the familiar badge of the order.

—Certain industrious students who would not miss a recitation for anything in the world have been congratulating themselves on the way that the calendar has taken care of our customary special recreation days. Founder's Day, Thanksgiving, and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception are listed for Sunday, Thursday and Sunday respectively.

—Professor F. X. Ackerman is engaged in painting some new scenery which is to be used on President's Day. The dramatic society is at work preparing for the presentation of a play. In spite of a few handicaps and inconvenient delays, Professor Farrell is able to report satisfactory progress in the matter of rehearsals. The play is a modern drama dealing with college life.

—The members of the orchestra had the pleasure of hearing the great Kubelik give a recital in South Bend a week ago. The orchestra has the reputation of being much better than heretofore; it is practising regularly so as to give a good account of itself when it makes a public appearance next month. Professor Petersen is well satisfied with the orchestra and the band also.

—The attention of the freshmen is called to the fact that the required gymnastic work must be attended to as faithfully as any class, and that the student who fails must repeat his work next year. The work of taking the physical measurements having

been completed, and the season for indoor exercises having arrived, all members of the class are expected to engage in the drills with due earnestness.

—Forty Latin students from Sorin, Corby, Brownson and St. Joseph Halls met in the Cecilian room Sunday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the "Latin Club." The following officers were elected: president, G. L. Trevino; vice-president, J. A. Caparo; secretary, N. Gamboa; treasurer, P. Landero; sergeant-at-arms, A. Duarte; honorary president, Very Rev. Gilbert Français; honorary vice-president, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; honorary member, Dr. DeLaunay.

—Handball has become quite popular at St. Joseph Hall,—so much so, in fact, that a series of championship games is to be played soon. In the other Halls, too, there seems to be a disposition to favor handball, if one were to judge by the activity displayed every afternoon along the walls of the big gymnasium. It makes one think that a few regulation handball alleys would be a most popular improvement at the University. We had a regulation alley before the fire which destroyed the gymnasium a few years ago, but it was not suitably located.

—Those who wish to be waited on for stationery and shop orders should take note of the following schedule which is strictly adhered to: Brownson, Sorin, Corby, St. Joseph, and Holy Cross will find the offices open from 9:45 a. m. to 10:15 a. m. every day except Thursday (when the period is set for 9:00 a. m. to 9:30 a. m.,) and from 3:00 p. m. to 3:30 p. m. on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday. Carroll will receive attention from 8:30 a. m. to 9:30 a. m. on Thursday, and from 4:00 p. m. to 4:30 p. m. on Monday, Tuesday and Saturday. Students will please observe this schedule strictly and keep a copy of it for reference if necessary.

—The program given by the members of the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society on the evening of Nov. 14th was more interesting than usual. The first number, a violin and piano duet by Messrs. Doorley and McGillis, was followed by a reading by Edward Cleary. The debate, which constituted the principal number on the program, was participated in by Messrs. J. Diener and R. Skelley for the affirmative, and J. Frechtl and E. Funk for the negative. The question was: "Resolved, That laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors should be enacted in the several states." Committees are at work on the annual Thanksgiving program and "smoker."

—"Resolved, That the government should own and control the railroads in the United States" was the question presented for debate at a meeting of the Brownson Liter-

ary and Debating Society on the evening of November 14. The affirmative of the question was supported by Messrs. W. O'Brien, F. Venalick, and J. Sullivan; they were opposed on the negative by Messrs. P. Donovan, J. Devine, and E. Lyons. The judges decided the question in favor of the negative. Subsequent numbers on the program were as follows: "Hohenlinden" by M. Oshe, "Lead, Kindly Light" by J. O'Flynn, "Oft in the Stilly Night" by M. Clark, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" by W. W. Rice, and short addresses by the judges of the debate, Messrs. F. Collier, V. Parish, and I. McNamee.

—It is not at all too early for the earnest student to take note of the prizes that are awarded at the close of the school year. One may judge for the future in this respect by what has been done in the past. One prize was awarded in the shape of gold coin, \$75.00 being distributed among the three members of the Varsity debating team. The other prizes were medals, some silver and some gold. Medals were awarded in the Christian Doctrine classes, and in special departments, such as elocution, oratory, preparatory Latin, the commercial course, law, civil engineering, senior classical course, and English essay writing. The complete list of last year's prizes may be found in the annual catalogue. Those who wish to understand fully the conditions of eligibility governing any of the prizes will confer with the director of studies.

—Students who are intending to take part in the inter-hall oratorical contest, as well as those who are entered for the Varsity contest, will not overlook the schedule of announcements which was published in the SCHOLASTIC on November 9. According to the plan then outlined, all candidates will present themselves to the presiding officers of the various contests at three o'clock next Monday afternoon for the purpose of drawing places. It is understood that there are about fifteen entered in the Varsity contest; these will meet the director of studies as above indicated. The others will meet the various directors of the literary societies at the same time: Father French for Holy Cross, Dr. DeLaunay for Corby, Professor Farabaugh for Brownson, and Dr. Schumacher for St. Joseph. It is presumed that the contestants have already registered their names with the above-named directors according to the advice published in our local items for the 26th of October. The preliminary Varsity contest is scheduled to take place next Wednesday, and the inter-hall preliminaries four days later. Professor Farrell, who has charge of the classes in elocution, will assist in the training of any of the contestants who make an appointment with him.